Bloomfield Record.

DEVOTED TO LOCAL INTERESTS, GENERAL NEWS, AND THE DIFFUSION OF USEFUL AND ENTERTAINING KNOWLEDGE.

STEPHEN M. HULIN, Editor and Proprietor.

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The Moomfield Record.

Local Newspaper.

OFFICE, GLENWOOD AVE., NEAR M. &. E. DEPOT BLOOMFIELD, N. J.

Devoted to LOCAL AFFAIRS. GENERAL NEWS,

"The Record"

is the ONLY Weekly Newspaper Published and Printer in Bloomfield, and is unquestionably THE Paper of THE PEOPLE.

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BY MARY MORRISON.

Miss Trumpet sat by her little coal fire in the third story front of a large boarding house situated somewhere among the cast fifties in New York. She herself might have been placed among the east fifties in point of age. Her hair evidently had more silver in it than her purse, for her dress was so carefully darned and so very faded. Her plain linen collar was fastened by a very plain old-fashioned brooch of amethyst and pearl, and a characteristic roll of manuscript was sticking half out of her pocket.

Her eyes were covered with blue glasses, and as she sat by the fire and read the evening paper, she commented on the day's occurrences. Her o ly auditor, however, was a huge Maltese cat, who lay contentedly rolled up on the rug, and purred a satisfied assent to all her mistress's opinions on

politics and science. The only ornament of the room was century plant, which numbered fifty-sever as prickly, patient years as its mistress. At the opposite end of the room stood a sofa which, with a most marvellous way of adapting itself to circumstances, became a bedstead at night. A small book-case full of books, and a round table with two or three chairs, completed the furniture of the room. On the table stood a small gas arrangement for cooking, a cup and saucer of Serves china, a plate of the same, and a silver knife and fork, a silver sugar-bowl and pitcherall heirlooms-completed the preparation for tea, except the oddshaped tea-kettle which stood on the gas-stove, ready to boil at a moment's notice, and a loaf of bread on

a trencher. "Now, Miss Pass," pursued Miss Trumpet, "my plans for to-day have all been carried out-as us-u-al. I have visited the Home for Respectable and Indigent Females; I have delivered my address before the Society of Indignant Opponents to the Opposition to Female Suffrage; I have also drawn up a synopsis of my ideas on the ridiculous manners of the young females of the present age, especially in the city of New York. You agree with me, Miss Puss. evidently. I see the latent courage which might have been displayed by you had you been endowed with a soul corporeally framed. Even now, perhaps in future generations these fore legs may become arms, those hind legs stand erect, that fur fall off into collar and muff. At our scientific society. last week, this possibility was discussed. Pardon me this little digression, Miss Puss. Day after to-morrow I am to read my paper on 'Young Females of the Present Age. Good heavens! what is this notice? 'Suddenly, in Chicago, Dec. 3d, of congestion of the lungs, Josiah Fleming, Esq., in the 50th

year of his age." The paper dropped from Miss Trumpet's hand as she looked sadly, regretfully into the coals without speaking for so long, that the cat got up and rubbed against her and mewed inquiringly, as much as to say, "What has happened now? Why don't you get my supper?" for, strange as it may seem, the cat evidently thought she herself was mistress, and Miss Trumpet her ser-

At the cat's reminder, Miss Trumpet

started "Sure enough, Miss Puss, you haven't had your supper, but you don't know my only sister's husband has suddenly died, and there's an orphan daughter-a young female, unprotected-dropped like a leaf in life's resistless current. Oh, dear! Why, where's my milk? Oh, yes, in the cupboard; and now a match to light my gasstove. There now, Miss Puss, the water will boil, and we shall soon have a cup of tea. Poor Rose! dropped like a leaf on life's rapid current. What can we do? Your saucer of milk Miss Puss? Ah, little do you know of the cares of life, nursed, as it were, in the lap of luxury; your rug and your milk are a palace and a feast; but poor Rose, tossed on life's resistless current! Now we shall have our supper, Miss Puss, and think what shall be done. I can't go to the funeral, of course, but I must write to Rose to come on and live with me. There's room for her, too, on my sofa-bedstead, and she must be taught to work day-times. More bread, Miss Puss? Oh, yes! now I have it. I will educate her as a model young lady of the present age. She shall be the masterpiece of my life."

So, when the supper debris was cleared away, she sat down to write a note of condolence to her niece in Chicago, expressing regret at her inability to attend her father's funeral, and telling her that all past differences between her and Rose's dead father and mother should be forgotten, if she would come on and live with her.

A tal', slender woman in black, a few days ago, might have been seen at the Grand piece of toast thoughtfully, and then said : Central Depot, awaiting the train from Chicago. She wore a long black water-proof ly up and down, looking now and then at occupation, some study ?" the clock and time-table, scanning the women on either side, and stopping finally and sitting down by a German emigrant woman

and baby, gave her a long lecture in Gersuch deep, sad experience, that the woman ed, though rather incredulously : asked her sympathetically if all hers had "Architecture! What an unusual fancy "Why not tell Clement Sydney about her? died in the city.

Miss Trumpet was just informing her of among the crowd. She watched until all to learn it thoroughly, and then see it no but saw no one whom she could call her to try, really ?" niece until the last. An old woman, bendassisted by a sweet faced young lady, who tage inside and out, and I will tell you." also was carrying a huge, unwieldy bundle was a child, and it would have been just sketch into her aunt's lap. like her mother to have been doing kind Miss Trumpet looked at it attentively, vice too. She had been a month trying to her and met her as she turned back from said :

helping in the old woman. coming close to her and looking down eag- to-night and act to-morrow."

The young girl stopping, and, searching agerly the older one's face, said : "Aunt Jane Trumpet ?" Then she put

'Dear Aun' Jane, I have come to you, you see, right away. Your letter was so kind. and it was so lonely at home. Which is

"This one just coming; but how about

"All right, Auntie. I gave the express messenger my check. There was only one trunk, though. I don't mean to crowd all my possessions into your nest."

And so Rose, beautiful Rose, full of sunshine and sweetness, like the frirest flower of her name that you ever had-all that, but with a soul, so imagine her. How she glorafied the plain little room! She even seemed to warm the tiresome old century plant, and give it a thrill of expectation in view of its flowering forty years after; and even the cat, sagacious, well-taught creature, without question had resigned the chimney-corner

The dainty repasts were now all prepared by Rose's fingers, and her aunt's wardrobe carefully looked over and remodeled. But one day this quiet state of fairs was inter-Miss Trumpet came home from a meeting

of the Society for Civil and Religious Reform rather late and very chilly. Tea was all ready, the cat purring, the tea-kettle singing, the buttered toust and Malaga grapes awaiting, the coals glowing, and the big arm-chair drawn up to the fire. "Aunt Jane, I was so afraid something had happened to you! Tea bas been ready

for half an hour. Why, how cold and chilly you are! Let me take off your cloak, and you shall be warmed and teaed." But Miss Trumpet scarcely spoke. At last, after holding her tea in her hand some

time, she set down the cup and looked at Rose seriously. "Child, do you know this can't con-

"No, Auntie? what do you mean? what can't continue ?" and the blue eyes' looked wonderingly in the wrinkled face. "Why, I mean this quiet eat and drink,

sew and walk existence of yours. You must have a mission and a career. In fact, I preferred to watch you awhile and see wherein your powers might be exerted to the best advantage-whether in the æsthetic or the more purely practical; whether in the loftier psychological pursuits or the more physi-

"And now, Aunt Jane," said Rose, with laughing eyes but drawn down mouth, 'what is your decision?"

'I acknowledge, my niece, I am somewhat puzzled, and have concluded to leave it to you to choose. Your income is limited, and so is mine, owing to the dullness and eaviness of snail-like man."

"Man in the general sense, Aunt Jane," asked Rose, smiling. "Certainly; but I was about to say whether a woman has an income or not, I believe she should have some regular em-

thought of, child?" n a confectioner's shop was the height of ny ambition. A little later, assistant naturalist, catching and wiring up hummingbirds. Still later, even now, my chief ambition has been to be chief cook and dressmaker to my good Aunt Trumpet."

At this Miss Trumpet drank her tea, atea | the room, "why don't you get your teacher | iess trees before the office, but within the "But, Rose, I am in earnest. Tell me, child, is there not some one thing you have sorts of philapthrophic game, is too tough tures of ancient and modern srchitecture. cloak with a hood and cape, blue spectacles thought of more than other things for your on her nose, and carried a large atlas and future?" Rose blushed a little here, but into a plan 'imself, either, as I should be, dals of famous churches and towers. The book under one arm. She walked nervous- her aunt went on ; some business, some

> "Yes, Aunt Jane, I have." "What ?"

> > www.fultonhistory.com

"Architecture.

Miss Trumpet laid down the bunch of man about the horrors of bringing up grapes she was eating, and, looking with speaker, and then, without a reply, went on children in New York, in a tone evincing pleased surprise in her niece's face, repeat- drawing his Doric column.

the happiness she felt in being able to say Aunt Jane, and he used to let me copy some that she had done nothing so unwise as to of his designs. I really know something bring any there, when the sudden arrival of about it-a very little, but 'I am not so old with his work until the iron-gray man came the train interrupted the conversation, and but that I may learn.' A skillful merchant behind him, and, taking him by the shoulsent Miss Trumpet with earnest face down will not long want customers. I might try der, said: the passengers had descended from the car, one would take me. Would you advise me We don't want to encourage the matter."

"Clear off the table, child, and take a pen- corner ing beneath the weight of years, got down, cil and paper and draw me a plan of a cot-

So "child" did, patiently turning a curve for her, done up in a large, bright colored here and putting a window there, and a door handkerchief. Miss Trumpet looked at the here, her face glowing with interest as her he has taken the young lady into his office two curiously. Could the younger one be little hand guided the pencil over the paper. without asking your advice, and I rather her niece? She had not seen her since she After an hour's careful work, she tossed the think," he added, with boyish rashness,

deeds to strangers. So, as she had gone thoughtfully, for full fifteen minutes, with- find a teacher, and there wouldn't anybody down towards the horse-car, she followed out a word; then tossing it back to Rose, take her because she was a women; and Mr.

"Rose Fleming, is this you?" she said, end, I am sure. And don't put it off. Think added the trate boy, "I hope you will let And Rose, kneeling at her feet, lifted up

her for her word of encouragement. both arms around her neck and kissed her. I have been here," she said, "and your word an Hengleshmen who never as spirit enough, was all I needed."

> About a month after this conversation a number of men sat in an architect's office in New York, in the evening, smoking and discussing the events of the day. The gas, burning brightly, shone on their various faces, and lighted up the pictures on the walls and the glass decanters and goblets on

> "Vewy pepostweous, vewy, said rather young man with a dandified dress, as he gently knocked the ushes from his cigar into a small curiously wrought wooden bowl 'a woung fwemale wanting to become an architect; absurd! Why, she came into our awfice this morning with her awnt, a black pipestem sort of a bawby, and asked the gawvenor to take her as a poopil-awabsurd. Wewy sweet young lady, though,

> "Came into our office, too," said rather an older man with iron-gray hair, long beard, prominent acqueline nose, and thin, sunken lips. "Had a plan of a cottage with her. Didn't dare to tell her what good thing it was. Thought if I did couldn't get her off. Don't like this way of bearding us down-town lious in our dens. Hard to be properly severe on these pretty

> creatures." "Ha, ha!" laughed a big, rubicund Eng lishman on the other side of the room, as he filled his glass for the fifth time in half an hour; "that is amusing, coming from you. Never knew you yet to find it very ard to be severe on hanybody, ha, ha!"

> "Did they come to your office ? Have you seen them ?" asked the iron-gray man. "Lor' yes; fell in love with the girl on the spot. Never do to 'ave 'er in my office, never. Shouldn't be hable to teach 'er to draw hanything but love in a cottage, the nave of a church, or some such thing Never do, never. I think the haunt thought as

much. I saw the expression of her heys through her blue specs. Now, if she'd wanted the place for 'erself, as I told 'er, I should be most 'appy, she being more ex should have alluded to this before, but I perienced, and so on. She went away looking quite complimented, but rather morose. Yes, another glass, thank you."

"It is very foolish, very, indeed for women to try to erect a business elevator to gain, by easy means, the hard acquired knowledge of superior man," growled a deep bass from the corner, who before, absorbed in his meerschaum, had not spoken. "This themselves beyond their proper tension. There will be a sudden rebound, and the sad shock will come upon us. I think it our duty, as the proud representatives of masculine strength, to cross the swords before the gates of Eden, and leaves her there in beautiful security and rest, and no tearing of her delicate fingers among the thorns and brambles without. I adore woman, but only in her sphere."

ployment. Is there any one thing you have "No-yes, in my younger life a clerkship would 'ave been glad to stay, but she 'ad to office of her teacher. It was within an hour hands. 'Ere, Hapollo," he continued, turn- Mr. Sidney was in his office alone. scratck 'er 'ands among the thistles."

The boy looked contemptuously at the

"Sure enough," cried the first speaker. Here, young chawp, I'll give you sixpence "Father was an architect, you know, if you'll ask your mawster. I'd like to do

something for the girl." The boy paid no attention, but kept on

"Here youngster, don't do any such thing. "Right," sounded the deep bass in the

The boy turned round, quite out of tem-

per, and flushing with anger: "I wish you would let me be. Mr. Clement Sidney knows his own concerns, and "that she will stay there without your ad-Sidney heard of it, and said if he found her "Fight it cut, child. You will win in the capable he would instruct her; and now."

me finish my column in pesce." "Bravo !" cried the rubicund, clapping her glowing face and tearful eyes, thanking his hands. "Thee 'as spirit benough for an Henglishman, my boy. That reminds me "I really had thought about it ever since |-will you fill my glass, Mr. Arden ? I ham ha-ha! Good joke habout the girl, wan't it? Got a chance to pull thistles hand sit down among the thorns finally, didn't she, ha

But the bass only grouned, the iron-gray looked severely at the coals, and the young issistant, who had begun the conversation, knocked his ashes into the bowl, and turned his nose and lip as far beyond their patural curve as he was capable of doing.

"How very silly," was all he said though, and nobody thought to apply his remark any

way but personally. The subject was changed soon after this; so, not caring to hear any more here, we will look in upon another scene in the third story front of the east fifties."

Rose, in her deep mouring dress, is sitting by the gas light, drawing an oriel window. Her aunt, Miss Trumpet, is sitting at the other side of the table, finishing an article on the conduct of foundling hospitals, varied by remarks to Miss Puss and the

" 'The St. Petersburg Ho pital for Foundlings contained, in the year 1772 and 1789, 1,709 children, of whom the average numbers died,' Miss Puss, you little know what questions are agitating the world without 7,709 children in seventeen years ! Just think of it! What a noisy place it must have been! I wonder how long the nurses lived, on an average. Rose, child, you stoop to much. Do you think, dear, you will have an office before long, and a sign out-Rose Fleming. Architect ?"

The full lips quivered.

"I don't get along very fast, Aunt Jane; and they say I must go to Europe to complete my studies by and by."

"Well, child, I have thought of that too. I suppose you must. The men all do. and you must have the same advantager. How soon do you think you must go. Rose? You need not mind about the money, I have a little in the bank, and your house in Chicago will be sold soon."

"In two years , Aunt Jane. I think, with hard study, I can go then."

"All right, child; and if there isn't anybody clse to matronize you, I will. I should like to examine those foundling hospitals and girls' schools abroad. And Rose, you may as well know it, you are a little too good-looking to go by yourself. To be sure, vonr nose is a little too naive, and your mouth a little large, and your hair rather light for perfect beauty; but then, on the whole, you might strike a foreigner who is too elastic an age. Females are straining didn't know you, you know, as bring rather -good-looking.

Rose laughed a gay, rippling peal.

"Dear Aunt Jane, you don't mean me to

be vain, do you? Well, I'm not, only for

my Aunt Trumpet," and she went on with

her drawing. More than two years had passed. Bose had worked faithfully, and now was prepared for her journey to Europe. All her na-"You would leave er in Heden," laughed pers and books were put away, and she was the Englishman. "Ha-ha! poor thing, she only to come for her last instructions to the leave that long ago; and sometimes, many of the time she had appointed. It was times, without a Hadam to dig for 'er, was Monday morning, and boy Eric had not obliged to pull up the briars with bleeding returned from his Sunday visit home, so

ing to a pale-faced boy who was drawing The snow was falling fast and the wind silently by a shade lamp in one corner of was blowing the great branches of the leafout in the country to take her? He's only room had a cheerier look than most business a 'alf 'our from town, and 'e's hup to all places. The walls were hung with fine picand hold, too, to be hafraid of being drawn and curiously-wrought brackets upheld monot being hold or tough, you know. Now, floor was carneted with different shades of I hadvise you to speak to your Mr. Sidney green, and the chairs were all cushioned and habout this fair Minerva-hall equipped armed with comfort. Before a bright coal for fight—this feminine Eve, longing to fire stands the sun and centre of this little

(Concluded on Fourth Posts.)

